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No. 437

## SINGING THE SUMMER SONG.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Swing the lily-bells!  
Ring the lily-bells!  
Chime them in a fairy strain!  
Blow every blossom horn,  
Blow to the merry morn,  
News that the Summer has come again!  
  
Brilliant-robed tulip,  
As you the dew dip,  
Send up a song from your gay, bright throat.  
Shy, loving violet,  
With your blue eye wet,  
Add to the anthem your soft, sweet note.  
  
Fair, white roses,  
Rare, bright roses,  
Fling to the air their incense sweet!  
Crowned Queen of Beauty,  
Love is but duty,  
Summer and roses together we greet.  
  
Gay, gold buttercups,  
Brave, bold buttercups,  
Stars in the greenwood, far and near,  
Shine out merrily,  
Brightly and cheerfully,  
Gay, gold buttercups, Summer is here!  
  
Sweet, fair daisies,  
Sunny-hair daisies,  
Nestling low in the grass at our feet,  
Smiling, smiling, smiling,  
Swelling before us,  
Singing the summer song, glad and sweet!

## Wild Will,

### THE MAD RANCHERO; OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big  
Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."  
(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE COMANCHE CAMP.

WHEN Bear Claw bounded through the post-oaks, with the unconscious Mary Halliday, he soon came to where his war-party had left their mustangs. Making his way through them, he halted in a powerful-built horse, as black as midnight, pawing the sand impatiently.

The horse gave a neigh of recognition as the Indian chief loosened the lariat, after laying Mary down at the foot of a tree.

Springing into the saddle he urged the animal to where Mary lay, still unconscious, stooped down, and with an apparent slight effort, swing the senseless form up in front of him. The mustang snorted and pranced for a moment at the unaccustomed load, but was quieted by a few words from the Indian chief. Bear Claw sat a moment like a statue, his eagle-feathers mingling with the Spanish moss which hung from the limbs above him.

He bent his head toward the scene of the massacre, and as there came a rush of many dark forms beneath the trees, the prolonged yell of the black-wolf issued from his lips, which was answered by the hooting of owls as his warriors sprang into their mustangs, and urged them onward.

Bear Claw gave a deep grunt of anger as he saw how his followers had been reduced by the deadly fire-arms of the Rangers.

"Do the white dogs weep over dead squaws—not stop long—heap mad—Eagle Eye Carson on trail soon—want squaw—no find Red Rose—know Bear Claw got him—the Red Rose—got with heap blood—Red Fox has spoken."

"Did the Red Fox see the Eagle Eye Carson? Will the young white chief follow the trail of Bear Claw?"

"Red Fox see—Eagle Eye will come—fast shooting guns," answered the warrior.

"Comanche warriors—on the Pecos," cried Bear Claw authoritatively, "the white dogs will find a long blind trail; the Eagle Eye's squaw will sweep the lodge of an Apache chieftain."

Bear Claw swung his quiet about the hams of his mustang, who with a wild snort, bounded away through the darkness up the Medina river, followed by the remainder of his war-party, who urged their animals to their greatest speed.

On, on, they went, like fleets let loose from Hades, through the dark shadows of the oaks. On, on, hour after hour, until the break of day, when they dashed down the banks of the Medina, and into the cool waters, allowing their mustangs to drink; they themselves throwing the water with their hands up into their parched mouths, as only an Indian can.

Mary was still unconscious, and it was evident the chief wished her to remain so, or he would have revived her with the refreshing waters of the stream.

They stopped but a moment, then scrambled up the steep bank to the other side, and galloped through the bottom timber out on the open prairie beyond.

Hors, as a command from Bear Claw, a warrior sprung from his mustang, gathered some twigs and dry grass, struck a fire with flint and steel, and then with water from a gourd, so sprinkled it, that a column of white smoke arose, and all watched intently for an answer to this "prairie telegram."

They had not long to wait, for another column of smoke soon appeared, some three miles up the river, and the Indians again started in a fast lope toward the point from which the signal arose.

It took but a short time, at the headlong pace which they rode, to gain this point, and they were soon riding into the camp of another war-party of their tribe, consisting of some fifty braves, who looked in wonder and amazement at the small number of warriors which made up the party of Bear Claw.

The latter passed the still insensible form of Mary to one of the Indians, who placed her on the ground beneath a small shelter made of



On, on galloped the faithful Tonkaway, his eyes glancing suspiciously upon all sides.

Mexican blankets, after securing her wrists together by buckskin thongs.

A tall, finely-formed warrior, whose eagle-plumed and silver breastplate showed him to be a chief, stalked forward, and came and approached Bear Claw, who stood where he had stopped, awaiting a welcome. Each chief drew his sword-knife and ran the blade into the ground at his feet, and each took the hand of the other, and placed the same upon his heart, as a token and sign of peace and brotherhood.

"Bear Claw is a great warrior," said the strange chief, "and is welcome to the fire and venison of Black Wolf. Where are the braves Bear Claw took toward the big water? Have the pale-face dogs sent them on the dark trail?"

"My braves are taking the big sleep," answered Bear Claw, "but they took many scalps. Eagle Eye Carson has many braves—stink fast, their guns never empty—my warriors were making tortoise-fire—they fell like old leaves before the north wind; the bullets of the Rangers fly like the ice-hail among the river bottom, going down the stream toward the ford."

White Horse and his braves had not proceeded far when a noble buck crossed their path, and following it they were led a long chase over the river; this caused a delay in their arrival at the ford that was favorable to those who were anxiously searching for the captive maiden.

they were forced to wait until Raven broke the silence, which he soon did in a low voice.

"Comanche trail go to open prairie; war-party stop there—light little fire—make smoke—mustangs no stamp round much—no stay long—get answer—another smoke—ride fast up river—near big war-party up creek—Raven know where."

"That's just our luck!" exclaimed Kit, "but boys, if there's a thousand red-skinned cusses, I'll hang on their trail for a chance to save Mary from the infernal, bloodthirsty fiends. You had better go back and look after Will, and then, joining our company, tell Captain Burleson that there's game up this way for me."

"Kit!" exclaimed Tom, "when I slip a trail on a pard, you can just set me down for a Greaser. I hope I'm half white, and Joe is b'llin' over at ye: the idea of our lettin' yer play a lone hand! We'll stick!"

"You are right, Tom," added Joe, in a tone which showed that his feelings had been hurt by what Kit had said: "I never was good to desert a friend, and it's late in the day for me to begin that sort of a game, even if I had the desire. If I had been on the back-out it would have showed up before. Now, I'll tell you what I think. I have a plan in my mind that will put us all in a better fix for the work ahead."

"Go ahead! Give it to us," ordered Kit.

"Here it is, then, boys: Let Raven ride as fast as his nag can take him to San Antonio, and get Jack Hodge, Clown, and as many of the boys as he can, who are spoiling for a fight; he will come, you can bet high on that; and a half a dozen of us, armed as we are, will be able to make a rush into the camp of the reds, and get Mary before they know what we are after. Raven can also leave word for Burleson, and some of the boys will carry the news to him about the raid; and when he knows about it he will come if fifty northerns were blowing. Here, Raven; all you have to do is to give this silver star to Jack Hodge, and he's on the trail at once, you bet! He owes me a life, and he won't back, no matter what's ahead. And you go and see Martha Wells; you know where she lives, by the little church bell her I ran off on a long trail, and am as happy as a hog in a mud-hole."

"Has yer got through, Joe?" demanded Tom, "for I reckon you and Kit has traded tongues by the way yer run on; but I likes yer talk. It just suits me. What yer think about this new lay out, Kit?"

"I think it is a good plan," answered Kit, "for with a few more boys we can make it hot for the Indians, no matter how many there are of them. But how do you know, Raven, where they are camped, and how many there are?"

"Turkey buzzards tell Raven where camp—fly over camp—wait Injin go—their pick bones—know heap warrior or no camp near ranches—white braves stop here—Raven go see."

Before the Rangers could say a word, the Tonkaway had disappeared in the underbrush up the trail.

"'Wal!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise, "I'll just be chawed into hash by an alligator if that red don't beat every stinkin' yer can't help being like the curse fur he ain't afeared of 'nothin'."

Now, ten to one, if I crawled up ter that Comanche camp I'd lose my scalp. Joe, I've got a bottle of p'won whisky in my saddle-bags that'll kill as fur as yer can shoot."

Tom produce I the bottle, and passed it to Joe, who, after taking a drink, returned it.

"Here's hopin' that we'll git Mary outer this scrape!" said Tom, gazing with satisfaction at the bottle, "and spike a few Comanches fur fut'fin'!"

And after nearly emptying it, he stood and looked at Kit a moment, in a thoughtful manner, before addressing him.

"Kit, yer don't take no stock in this here stuff, an' won't insult yer by shovin' it at yer. I'm a tuff cuss, I know, when I git billin' over with rum, but I ain't bad enuf to urge a man to drink what don't. What yer doin', Joe?"

"Well, me noble duke, I'm penning a few rose-tinted lines of fairy language to the lady of me heart, for that noble red-man to take to San Antonio. He's not a carrier-dove, I know, but necessity gives me no choice."

"Good fur yer, Joe!" exclaimed Tom, "approvingly: "Martha Wells is a noble gal, an' so's the red, too. Martha's got true Texas grit, an' I don't blame yer fer bein' soft on her. Tell her yer sittin' on a bank of roses an' writin' with a moonbeam. Kit, bet yer a slug I can streak her through that Comanche camp on the lop, shoot half a dozen reds, and not git skin broke!"

"Don't, for mercy sake, talk that way," responded Kit, anxiously. "I'm sorry you drank that whisky."

"Bosh!" returned Tom, bluntly: "that whisk has nothin' ter do with it. I can't lay still long; I hankin' fur scups when they are so danged near, an' I'm spinnin' to twist my fingers in Colorado, but I'll tell you what boys, I'm a-goin' ter take smoke for pass time."

Tom lit his pipe and laid it on the bank to enjoy it, while Joe wrote his note to Martha, and Kit, with his hat pulled over his eyes, lay listening impatiently for some sound which would indicate the return of Raven.

It was an hour before the latter glided in among them, and showed, by his heavy breathing, that he had run fast and long. At last he broke the silence:

"Raven say right—big camp—many warriors—see Mary—she tie up in blanket wigwam—look much sick—cry heap—Raven heart beat hard for Eagle Eye squaw—two big chiefs in camp, Bear Claw, Black Wolf—Raven go quick San Antonio—must have more white warriors—ride fast—be there when dark comes—Eagle Eye stay here—no go Comanche camp—lose scalp, Raven come—then heap fight may-be so good-by."

Raven at once sprang on his mustang.

"Hold, Raven!" exclaimed Joe; "here, take this paper to Martha Wells; also find Jack and give him this star, sure."

Kit gave one spring, grasped the bridle-rein of the Indian's horse, his eyes wild, and said, in a hoarse, unnatural voice:

"Look, Raven! Don't you go back on me. Tell the boys it is life and death; that the best girl in the world is in the power of the Comanches, and if they don't come quick I'll charge the camp if I have to go it alone. Do you think they will harm or misuse her, or torture her? Here! look me in the eye, and tell me the truth, Raven; spit it out white, plain and square. Come! speak!"

"Bear Claw no hurt Mary," answered the Tonkaway, as he looked without flinching into the eye of Kit; "keep her for squaw—take her on big trail; go to village on big plain—so he bring Raven think get her back—she again with Eagle Eye, and doot amah."

Raven whirled his quirt high over his head, and lashed his mustang, who sprung, with a wild snort, over the brush, and horse and red rider were in a moment lost to view, as they dashed down the bank across the ford.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE TONKAWAY'S GREAT RIDE.

The Tonkaway, his head bent forward, his mustang urged on in a wild gallop by the torturing quirt continually applied to his hams, kept on the same trail down the bank of the Medina river that he passed over with Kit and the other Rangers the previous night.

He was within a mile of the scene of the massacre when loud shouts and oaths in the Spanish tongue reached his ears from the prairie to south, beyond the bottom timber, beneath the shade of which he was riding.

Raven immediately turned his horse in that direction, and soon the border of the woods permitted him to gain a view through the branches of the prairie.

Here a sight met his gaze which made him stop. Kit and the boys were with him.

A score of Mexican bandits were collecting the cattle and horses of Will Halliday, and the bravado they showed in approaching so near to San Antonio satisfied Raven that they belonged to the band of that noted outlaw, Juan Corrina.

The Tonkaway was sure, at a glance, that in twenty-four hours' time all that remained of Will Halliday's property would be far away toward the Rio Grande.

He paused but an instant to take in the situation of things, knowing that he was powerless to prevent the wholesale robbery, and muttering to himself:

"Poor Will—much heap trouble," he once more bounded down the river toward ruined ranch, where, after a few minutes of hard riding, he arrived.

Raven cast a hurried glance toward the grave; Will still sat in the same position, gazing down at his dead, and there was the same insane madness in his eyes that all Indians respect, as well as dread, and the Tonkaway gave Will a wide berth.

Raven slackened the speed of his mustang among the dead Comanches, and springing from the animal he secured a many-colored Mexican blanket, or serape, and a little further on, the hat of Will, which had been left behind by the Indians; the latter he adjusted upon his head, after removing his head-dress of eagle feathers, and the former he wrapped about him, saying to himself:

"Raven meet pale-face—think Raven Comanche—shoot Raven—have hat—have blanket—no shoot;" and thus changed in appearance, he once more galloped on down the river.

On, on galloped the faithful Tonkaway through the live-oaks, his eyes glancing suspiciously upon all sides.

The sun sank toward the west, leaving the timber in a twilight gloom.

Passing the Mexican *haciendas*, on the high bank of the river, just on the side of the Pleasanton trail, Raven went plunging down into the ford, allowing his mustang but a moment to take a swallow, which he greatly needed, well knowing he must not allow him to drink too much. He then urged his horse out of the cool stream and went speeding on through the mesquites, toward the Alamo City.

Mid-afternoon was passed over, and the mustang began to show signs of giving out, for he was covered with foam, and traveled at a staggering gait.

The sun had passed below the western horizon.

zon, as the exhausted and broken-down horse fell to the earth, just upon the borders of the opening in which stood the old Mission of St. Conception.

Raven quickly unbuckled bridle and saddle, taking them into one of the old cells, used formerly by priests, but now occupied by thousands of bats.

In another moment the Tonkaway was in the long strides peculiar to his people, fast making his way through the chaparral, and in less than an hour he arrived in the vicinity of Madam Condlemo's fandango-house, which was just outside of the Main Plaza of San Antonio.

It had now been dark some time, and the Indian's sharp ears detected the sound of music long before he reached the celebrated dancing-house.

His thoughts were upon how he should find Jack Hodge and Clown, and, thinking of them and their character, he decided that the暗道 ought not to be passed by.

As they came near close up to the house, the noise inside became deafening; curses both in Spanish and English were intermingling, and these were soon followed by a volley of revolver-shots.

Yells of agony, fear, and death blended together strangely, with loud and exultant shouts of Texans; and then a score of Mexicans rushed out of the door, and scattered through the thick chaparral, with which the house was surrounded.

Half a dozen Texans sprung outside and sent several balls whizzing into the brush after the Greasers.

Raven glided behind one corner of the building, and waited for the excitement to abate, minutes to himself.

"Raven heap more safe—the Tonkaway—thar' hay—thar' blanket—put on eagle-feather—Raven no Greaser dog—git shoot."

The Tonkaway once more stood in his own true character, and was made happy by recognizing the voices of Jack and Clown among the Texans, as they returned to the house, laughing over the retreat of the cowardly Greasers.

The Indian walked around the corner, and in an instant stood in the center of the dirt floor, his hands extended, palms outward, toward the Texans, his scalping-knife at his feet, the blade sticking in the earth.

Quickly as Raven had executed this maneuver, he was not so quick but several deadly tubs were leveled at him; but a warning cry from Jack Hodge caused them to drop.

Jack sprang toward the Indian, grasped both extended palms, and gave them a wring that showed his regard for the Tonkaway, had not welcome beamed from his round red face.

"Boys!" exclaimed Jack, earnestly, turning to the other Texans, "any man what harms this red has got me to clean out arterwards; he's white, no mistake! Clown! don't you know the Tonk? Yer gittin' blind!"

The person addressed came toward the Indian, rubbing his eyes, saying: "Them doggone cowards kind a blind fellas' paper arter come in here in their dark. Well, I jus' be chawed up an' spit out by a Colorado cat-fish; it ain't Raven! In their name of Crockett, whar ye cum from, black-bird?" and Clown gave the Indian a hearty shake of the hand.

The two persons who have now entered on the scene deserve more than a passing notice.

Jack Hodge, so long known in Texas as a stage-driver, Indian and Mexican-fighter, and at one time a city marshal of San Antonio, was a short, thick-set man, who always had a pleasant greeting for every one, and a happy and contented smile beamed continually on his face. In whatever society he found himself he was sure to use more or less stage and stable slang; but he was quick on the trigger and a sure shot.

Clown was about the same build, although not so stout; and having been shot once almost to pieces by the Indians, was not exactly straight in his upper works. He was a notorious character for many years in Texas, having fought alone on the Pecos river fifteen Apache Indians, killing nine and driving away the remainder; his limbs were somewhat crippled by wounds, and he was an inseparable pard of Jack Hodge.

As Clown grasped the hand of Raven and inquired, in his peculiar way, if the news, Jack burst out, impetuously:

"I'll be durned if I ain't two bits that ther cuss has news as black as ther bird he's named arter. I called one of my crack leaders on the best team I ever yanked ribbons over, 'Raven,' an' ther cuss was alwas takin' ther bit atween his teeth an' tryin' to break the coach."

The Indian slipped his hand into his pouch, and took out the silver star, and passed it to Jack, and a crowd of *senoritas*, who had been dancing before the row, now gathered around.

"That star," said Jack, in a confident tone, "is from Reckless Joe, an' means I'm wanted, and I reckon you, too, Clown; you need not think I'd sling myself on a train without you. S'pose it out, Tonk: what's up? I fish had a score with them Greasers. That's for on 'em in the corner that's what's staled; yer can sculp 'em. Tonk, of you hard up fur hair. The yellow-skinned pepper-eaters thought they'd boss this fandango, but they slipped up on it, yer bet, an' won't shake a foot ag'in without it's over a hot fire."

"Raven no time for scalp," exclaimed the Indian, showing a shade of impatience. "Come, Jack—come, Clown—Raven got *heap* talk-chaparral close by—have council—must see Joe squat—no time—come!"

The Tonkaway led the way out of the door into the darkness, followed by Jack and Clown, leaving the other Texan and Mexican girls gazing after him in silent wonder.

But this did not last long: the dead Greasers were thrown out into the brush, and the sound of music and dancing rung out once more, as if nothing had happened to mar the enjoyment of the evening.

The Tonkaway and Texans went but a short distance into the chaparral, then seated themselves closely to each other, upon the grass in the thick brush and thicker darkness, where the Indian addressed the two whites:

"Comanche thick on Medina—burn Will Halliday's ranch—burn Cotton's ranch—kill papoose—kill old squaw—kill heap more—Mary, Kit's square Comanche got her up—Bear Cat take her to follow. What knoweth—do nothing! Kit, Raven, Tonk on trail—bear Claw find Black Wolf, *heap* big har-party—Kit, Joe, Tom close by—watch Comanche—Raven come want help—Raven want horse—want see Joe squaw—Jack go—Clown go—Texans go—get Mary—what say? Jack speak!—Raven ear open—Raven done."

"Where did you leave the boys and when?" questioned Jack, in surprise.

"Raven start when sum up there," pointing his arm in a direction to indicate four hours above the horizon. "They at ford—ha' day ride—near Will ranch—ride to sunset—Mexican steal Will horse, cattle—drive to Bravo."

"Waaah!" exclaimed Jack, in astonishment, "I never was hauled up to date so sudden jerk like that! Come, I won't do that again. Well go to Sappington's stable for our mags, at same time get one for you, Raven. Clown, you in, ain't you, old boy? Fun ahead mixed with hard ridin' an' close feed. We'll try an' git sum other boys ter go."

The three walked quickly toward the road which led into San Antonio, as Clown answered:

"Go! better bet I'm in every time, Jack, when you are; nothin' can part us until one or other passes in ther cheeks. I hain't got no good-byes to sli—so that won't hinder me; nobody care for me but you."

"Thar's whar yer dangly foole, Clown," returned Jack, "Mebbe a man over ther friendship your ears ready few litch up fur a long run, no matter how far we travel, stations, fur anybody what were in trouble. I keep thinkin' abou the boys. Here we are on the Plaza. Tonk, does yer want a drink of firewater?"

"No," answered the Indian, quickly, "firewater bad on trail—bad every time—make Injun big fool—make white man fool—Raven be no drink—no fraid whole Comanche nation—

Raven drunk—maybe he's afraid coyotee—fight himself—take own scalp."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jack, "that's ther best tenement I've had. I've heard fur a month of Sundays. Yer head's level, Tonk, every time; yer got more sense than half the white men. Here we are at Saps' Clown, yer run down ter the widow Wells's with Raven, an' stick Joe's letter under ther door. If yer go in the winmin will keep yer singling tongue. I'll hev the hoses ready."

Clown and the Tonkaway glided down the dark street, turned to the right, and soon came to the cottage where Martha Wells, the sweethe

of Reckless Joe, lived.

He noiselessly slipped the letter under the door, and upon getting back to the stable found Jack with two horses, one for the road, and holding another by a lariat for the Indian, un-saddle for he was to get his saddle and bridle at the Mission as they passed it.

Raven drew the rope, with a twist, around the under jaw of the animal, sprung upon his bare back, and all three, in an easylope, rode through the almost deserted streets.

Jack stopped a moment at Jack Calle's bar-room, to procure a bottle of whisky, and to tell the bar-keeper the news in regard to the raid, leaving word with him to inform others, who would be eager to join in the pursuit of the Indians.

Bounding once more on his horse, which the Tonkaway had held, all three went like the wind out of the city and through the mesquite trees.

As they came to the fandango-house Raven said:

"Raven catch you quick" and sheered his horse off the trail into the chaparral.

Jack and Clown did not slacken their pace, knowing the Indian would keep his word.

"I'll bet my sombrero ag'in a shuck cigarett that ther Tonk's gone fur them dead Greasers' scalps."

Jack was correct; the Indian seemed by instinct to know where the Mexicans were that had been shot in the row, and soon tore their scalps off, regained the blanket and hat he had left behind, and also a revolver and knife from one of the Indians. This occupied him but a moment, and he overtook his two friends as they neared the Mission.

Here Raven sprung from his horse, found his saddle and bridle by groping about the ruin, and in an instant was equipped again for the trail.

Jack and Clown were each armed with Sharp's rifles and those death-dealing weapons—the Colt's revolver; the Indian acting as guide, they dashed away to the aid of Kit Carson, Jr., and his companions.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

### TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

And life? What is the thing call'd life? Can this be caught besides a "jest"? Some say it is an "earthly strife."

While some "the road to lasting rest."

A "burden" thousands deem the thing; Pure vanity, it seems to more;

For mortals scarcely taste its spring Ere they arrive at Lethe's shore.

Yet, unto all, their lives appear

The best possessions they possess,

And whether high or lowly sphere

Be theirs, they do not love them less.

Poor playthings of capricious fate,

Through them we live, like babies' toys,

While parents give us the divine state.

While youth delights in youthful joys.

But as the rolling years advance,

Desire of life deserts the soul,

Which, gradually, inclines to gloomance

Toward the all-absorbing goal.

Oh, yes! The weary and distress'd,

So oft awak'd from repose,

Expect a place where they may rest.

And where their lids can ne'er enclose.

And as they look behind them, then,

If they perceive they acted well,

The part they played with other men,

The peace they feel no tongue may tell.

—

Elegant Egbert;

OR,

THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XI.

A STYLING WOOGIE.

ADELE STANHOPE left her brother's presence in a very puzzled frame of mind. From his own lips she had the assurance (and his manner had confirmed it) that he had some cause of distress other than pain at the prospect of sharing her love with another.

And perhaps here is as good a place as any to tell what Adele knew of her brother and of his secret sorrow.

Her memory of him dated back to her seventh year, ten years previous, when he had been summoned home from abroad to comfort his mother in her recent widowhood.

Child was Adele had been struck by the arrival of a young man of twenty-five, who just at first she a little in awe of the brother whom she could not remember having seen, since he had left home during her babyhood.

But after that meeting, when the widowed mother had hung so long on his breast, with such profuse weeping and such yearning tokens of endearment, she had lifted little Adele and placed her in his lap, saying:

"Egbert, my son, I give her into your keep."

"She is my most precious possession. I

do not ask you to love her when I have fol-

lowed her, as I feel that I shall do before long."

"Adele, you must love your brother with unfeigned tenderness. If he is ever sad, you must wish him back to smiles as you think I would do."

Then Egbert had taken her chin in his hand, and raised her sweet child-face, and gazed into it with such admiration and longing, wistful love that her whole heart had gone out to him at once.

He held a limp and unresisting burden. She had fainting with excess of emotion.

"Shall every living thing have its mate, and I alone be demised?" he cried, aloud; and now, as he seemed to apostrophize his gloved right hand. "No! no! I defy you all—What I have done that I should be singled out for the cup of Tantalus! I have that which will win the love of my life."

"I don't! don't!" she pleaded, not comprehending fully what prompted her own words, but only dimly conscious of some blow to be averted.

He laughed.

"Shall I tell you?" he cried. "It is because you love me! You know you do! See! see! you cannot deny it!"

No woman of spirit would endure such in-

verted wooing as that. Although her heart was at his feet, her pride was stung to the front, and spurning the weak, fluttering thing, mounted, for the time, right royalty over its downfall.

With the exertion of all her strength she sought to wrench her wrists from his grasp,

while she cried with blushing eyes,

"Let me go, sir!—this instant!"

"Never! Never! All the powers of hell shall

not deprive me of the prize I have won!"

And with a mighty sweep of his arms, he

caught her to his heart, and fell to covering her face with kisses.

He held a limp and unresisting burden. She

had fainting with excess of emotion.

"Shall every living thing have its mate, and I alone be demised?" he cried, aloud; and now, as he seemed to apostrophize his gloved right hand. "No! no! I defy you all—What I have done that I shall be singled out for the cup of Tantalus! I have that which will win the love of my life."

"I don't! don't!" she pleaded, not comprehending fully what prompted her own words, but only dimly conscious of some blow to be averted.

He laughed.

"Shall I tell you?" he cried. "It is because you love me! You know you do! See! see! you cannot deny it!"

"Miss Stanhope, I have brought you out to-day, having no particular reason for your visit. You must have noticed my preference for your society. I owe to you the happiest moments of my life, and I have sometimes dared to hope that you were glad to have me come to River-side."

"But here he was interrupted.

"Mr. Boardman—please!" she cried, in evident distress, laying her hand on his arm.

He dropped the whip with which he was toying, and instantly put his hand down upon hers.

"Excuse me! Yes, it is very fantastic," he said. "You don't seem to be enjoying the drive at all. Hera! I have been calling your attention to that cloud, and I

**COUSIN DELLE.**

BY D. CHANNING ROBIE.

The cottage on the mountain-side  
Stands where the glow of summer-tide  
In golden brightness gently falls  
Upon its weather-beaten walls.  
  
Over the porch the creepers twine,  
With ivy and sweet eglantine;  
While fast to many a knotted string  
The circling scarlet runners cling.  
  
Sweet spot! how dear thou art to me!  
I linger round thee lovingly.  
Oh, that I could forever dwell  
Here in black-eyed Cousin Delle!  
  
Away she trips byneath the trees—  
Her fair cheeks kissed by summer's breeze;  
Then through the meadows green, where flows  
The babbling brook, she merrily goes.  
  
The sun-hat dangling at her back,  
No longer hides the raven black,  
And glossy locks of wavy hair  
That falls upon her forehead fair.  
  
Now skipping 'long the woodland path,  
Then sporting in the aftermath—  
Oh, would that I one-half could tell  
The witchery of Cousin Delle!  
  
Behold her now in fragrant hood  
Of flowers from the deep wildwood;  
And woven into every tress  
A red rose of the wilderness.  
  
Through the fields where daisies grow  
I watch the dark-eyed maiden go.  
Surely, on me there is some spell  
Cast by that fairy, Cousin Delle.  
  
May evil, pain and sorrow be,  
Through all thy life, unknown to thee;  
May all with the e'ermore be well,  
Sunny, dark-haired Cousin Delle.

**The Rejected Heart:  
OR,  
THE RIVAL COUSINS.**

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

**CHAPTER XIV.**

**TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.**

An unaccountable feeling of depression weighed upon Walter's heart, which made the mirth and music of that gay assemblage jar harshly on his nerves, and he left very soon after John did.

He had gone but a few rods when he missed a bunch of keys that he always carried with him.

It contained not only his room and office key, but the one that unlocked a desk containing valuable papers.

He remembered hearing something drop from his pocket when he was in the old deserted house. He had looked, but the light being dim, had discovered nothing, and thought he was mistaken.

It must have been the missing keys.

There was no help for it; tired as he was, he would have to go back for them.

Fortunately his way home was past the road where this house stood, so it would not take him much out of the way.

With these thoughts, Walter turned down the rough and narrow road that led to the "old Stone place."

When near, though not within sight of it, he was startled by the report of a pistol.

Walter's horse was young and spirited; giving a snort of terror, it began to rear and plunge in a manner not a little dangerous in the steep and rocky place where he was.

After he had succeeded in calming him, he lisped out:

Not a sound broke the solemn stillness that reigned around.

Looking cautiously about him, he strained his eyes vainly to discover any movement in the road beyond.

Then, with a reassuring word to his horse, Walter went on.

The moon was partially obscured by a cloud, but the outlines of the house were plainly visible, amid the blackness that surrounded it.

As Walter looked he saw a figure emerge from the house and run down the walk to the road.

Whoever it was must have heard the sound of his horse's feet on the stony road, and which sounded very distinctly in the silence.

As it reached the road, it paused as if irresolute which way to go; then, suddenly turning, ran swiftly down the hill in an opposite direction.

Walter's horse now demanded all his time and attention.

As though it scented some mysterious horror in the air, it began to back; plunging from side to side, not even the application of the whip could make it go forward.

At last Walter dismounted, and taking him by the bridle, tried to lead him up to the house, but he could not induce the animal to move one step in that direction. At every fresh effort he reared upon his hind legs, trembling in every limb, his flashing eyes and dilated nostrils showing the terror that had seized him.

Pitying what he could see no adequate cause for, Walter finally turned the horse round, securing him to a tree at the side of the road.

He then went into the house, the door of which stood wide open.

On entering the first room, he saw a dark pool of something oozing from beneath the door of the one opening out of it.

On taking a step forward, his feet slipped, and in trying to save himself, both hands came in contact with a warm, slimy liquid, and which had the sickening odor of fresh blood!

Springing to his feet, Walter turned to the window.

Horrors of horrors!—his crimsoned hands were dripping with gore!

Struck dumb and motionless with terror, he stood for some moments trying to collect his scattered thoughts.

Some day some horrible deed had been committed. Murder or suicide?—which?

Slinking off the benumbing horror that oppressed him, Walter pushed back the curtain of the adjoining room, which was ajar.

Upon the floor lay the body of a man.

Walter approached nearer.

At this moment the moon burst out from behind a cloud, revealing to his horror-struck vision the white, rigid face of John Remmington!

Tearing open the vest, he placed his hand upon the heart.

Though the body was still warm, there was not the faintest motion there; he could have been dead only a short time, but dead he was!

What was to be done now? Go to the family of the murdered man with the terrible tidings? apprise the magistrates of the foul murder that had been committed in their midst?

This was what he ought to do. And yet—

Supposing his story was not believed?—Sup-

His heart grew sick as he thought of John's fatal quarrel with him, and the terrible position in which he might find himself.

The murderer, whoever he was, had fled, and might never be found. Unless he was, suspicion would surely fall on him.

Why should he tell of his discovery of the body? What good would it do? Would it not be better to leave the discovery of it to some one else, rather than put himself in such mortal peril?

Picking up the missing keys, which he found under the table, Walter left the house; his mind a confused medley of doubts, fears and conjectures.

He finally came to the conclusion that he would say nothing about it.

Fatal mistake!—and still more fatal consequences that sprang from it!

The gray dawn was breaking before Walter fell asleep, and then he slept very heavily.

The bright sunlight was streaming into the room when he woke, woke with that vague feeling of horror, which weighed like the remains of a nightmare upon his spirit.

He would have thought his strange experiences of the past night to have been some horrible dream, were it not for what he saw around him.

The cuffs of the linen duster, that was lying across a chair, were dabbled with blood, while spots were on various other parts of it. And when he turned it over, he found that the soles were crimsoned and the instep splashed with the same horrible stains.

With a sick feeling at his heart that no words can describe, Walter covered his face with his hands.

He shuddered as his thoughts reverted to the ghastly thing that was lying in that deserted house, the sightless eyes turned up to the bright sunshine.

Had they found it? If not, when would they? Oh! that he had had the courage to have told all! But now it was too late.

After doing the best he could to remove the telltale marks from his clothing, Walter went down to the deserted dining-room.

Eben, the waiter, was ready for his news-gathering propensities, and his willingness to disclose the same to whoever would give him a hearing.

Walter saw, with a feeling of relief, that his face wore its usual inane expression, until unconsciousness came mercifully to her relief.

Pressing through the horror-struck crowd, Walter raised the head of the fainting woman until it rested against his knee.

For a moment she stared wildly at the white, rigid face.

Then she threw herself down beside it with a shriek that curdled the blood of all who heard it.

"Who has done this? Dead! dead! Oh! my boy! My boy! It cannot be!"

Here shriek after shriek came from the lips of the frenzied mother, until unconsciousness came over her.

"It is not necessary. I give you my word of honor that I will not try to escape."

"I have no discretion in the matter," was the cold response.

Walter said no more, but as he felt the touch of the cold iron upon his wrist, overcome with shame and humiliation, his head sunk upon his breast, while a faint moan came from the lips.

"Pray, don't give way, sir," said the younger man, whose heart was touched with pity at the sight and anguish so plainly depicted upon the face of the prisoner. "We have a carriage down at the door, and with this cloak around you no one will notice it."

In spite of the precautions used, quite a crowd had gathered around the hotel steps, and a storm of hootings and hisses greeted Walter when he came out.

Pat Maloney sat upon the box. He was a fast friend of Walter's, and his warm Irish heart was in a tumult of rage and despair.

"Ye ought to be ashamed of yourselves, so ye had, to be after condemning a man before he's thried, even! It's not I that'll be attind the ould woman an' me sister's three children, an' nivir a cint would he take. He's a jontlement, an' ye're a set of dirty blackguards! If it wasn't fur lavin' me hoses, I'd git down an' give ye somethin' worth howlin' for!"

And shaking his whip in the face of the nearest of the crowd, Pat drove away.

Walter heard the heavy clang of the door of his narrow cell close upon him with a feeling of desolation that no one can realize except those who have passed through a similar experience.

But after the first shock was passed, he experienced almost a feeling of relief that the world could care less that that was, now, no more necessary for concealment; he could tell all he knew in regard to what was almost as much a mystery to him as any one else.

It was a terrible position to be placed in; no one could realize it more fully than he; still he could not bring himself to believe that he could be convicted of so grave an offense—hung for a crime that he never did.

The most painful thought in connection with his trouble was Irene and the sorrow that it would bring upon her.

That she loved him he knew; the consciousness of her love had made him very happy; but would it stand the test of such a terrible ordeal as this? Would she believe him innocent in the face of so many dark and suspicious circumstances?

Questioning his own heart, it responded yes; she would have the same faith in him that he would have in her, under like circumstances.

His heart whispered that she would come to him, or send him some cheering word.

But when hour after hour dragged its slow length along, and no tidings reached him, his courage began to fail.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

**CHAPTER XV.**

**FOUND DEAD!**

PARTLY to put as many miles as possible between him and the scene of that dark tragedy, and partly to drive away the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him, Walter visited some patients in rough and mountainous district, several miles from town.

On his way back he stopped at a farmer's for a bowl of bread and milk. He had taken nothing upon his empty stomach, and was too faint and weary to proceed further.

Young Gray passed into the hotel, and Walter rode away; scarcely daring to allow himself to think that he had found himself in the open country, with the broad world before him.

John had been missed. The next thing would be a search.

How vividly did his imagination portray the wide-spread horror and consternation, the grief and anguish that would follow!

**CHAPTER XVI.**

**A WOMAN'S FAITH.**

With all the pomp and circumstance of wealth gives, John Remmington was laid away in the house appointed for all the living.

The funeral was in church, and very largely attended; curiously drawing many tithe who had taken little or no interest in him while living.

The coffin, an elegant thing of rosewood and satin, was literally covered with floral offerings, and which filled the church with their fragrance.

Many curious eyes were directed to the pew set apart for the "mourners" and which was vacant until just before the services commenced.

There was a strong sensation as Irene came in, leaning upon the arm of her uncle.

She was in deep mourning, which heightened, by contrast, the pallor of her face.

The change that the last few days had wrought in the beloved father touched with pity the heart of every beholder. His face looked as if the life had suddenly left it; his head was bowed and his step weak and tottering.

Mr. Remmington was not present; she was lying in a darkened chamber upon the bed from which she never arose again.

Contrary to the general expectation, Walter was there. He sat in his own pew, being the church where he regularly attended.

Two ladies were in the pew when he entered, who immediately arose and took another seat.

Walter took no apparent notice of this; taking a seat in the further corner, so that the rest of the room could be at the disposal of any one who wanted to occupy it.

After the services, opportunity was given to all who desired it, to pass up one aisle, past the altar, where the coffin lay, and down the other, to see the larger part of the crowd had surged past him, and out the other end; Walter walked up to where the coffin stood, looking sadly upon its occupant, unmindful of the curious eyes that were watching him.

Never, in all the glow of health and life, had John Remmington looked so handsome as when he lay in his coffin. The face wore that peaceful and serene expression, observed in all those who die suddenly from gun-shot wounds. Every trace of passion and excess had faded; the refining hand of death had spiritualized it, as nothing else could.

John was a favorite in the community. His frankness and generosity made him liked even by those who saw, with pain, the grave faults of his character.

While he lived there were fathers, thoughtful, clear-sighted men, who shook their heads at his wildness.

"He's a good boy," said Uncle Justin, "but he's not half as good as he used to be."

Walter's heart beat under that coarse, fustian jacket.

"Excuse me, sir; I forgot he was a relation of yours."

"He is the son of my father's brother; and I shall be very sorry if any harm has befallen him," said Walter, gravely.

Then turning to Jake, who was making a vigorous onslaught upon the substantial lunch that his mother had set out for him:

"Had they succeeded in finding no trace of him?"

"They hadn't when I come away, 'bout two hours ago."

The old farmer looked at the pale, troubled face, which had grown so old within the last twenty-four hours.

"Mayhap the young chap's hid himself away, just for a lark. Don't you be none afraid but what they'll find him."

"He has not been found," thought Walter, as he rode on.

In spite of all the excitement, comments, and even suspicions it might arouse, he wished over with.

He could not endure the thought of the body laying there another night; and the impulse was strong upon him to go to the nearest magistrate and tell him of his discovery.

Why should he tell of his discovery of the body? What good would it do? Would it not be better to leave the discovery of it to some one else, rather than put himself in such mortal peril?

Picking up the missing keys, which he found under the table, Walter left the house; his mind a confused medley of doubts, fears and conjectures.

He finally came to the conclusion that he would say nothing about it.

Fatal mistake!—and still more fatal consequences that sprang from it!

The gray dawn was breaking before Walter fell asleep, and then he slept very heavily.



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**OFF FOR EUROPE.—The Brooklyn Eagle, of June 28th, has this item:**

"Among the passengers by the City of Chester Liner, of the Steamship Company, to-morrow, will be Mr. William E. Adams, of the firm of Beadle & Adams, publishers. During his tour in Continental Europe he purposed visiting some portions of Germany, Italy and Switzerland, devoting also a part of his time to the Paris Exposition, returning to this city about the middle of September."

Mr. Adams, by long devotion to business, has well earned this holiday. May he enjoy it immensely! and return with new vigor, to prosecute the good fall campaign!

### Sunshine Papers.

OF SOMETHING NOT NEW.

No, indeed! Of a trite old subject enough! But even in the days of Solomon, that wise gentleman declared there was "nothing new under the sun." Surely, since one can never hope to write upon a theme that has not suggested itself to other minds, it is pardonable if, occasionally, one claims the right to give their particular thoughts upon a very old subject. So I will preach with one of Ben Jonson's sayings for a text.

That writer says: "True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."

We all desire to have friends; and most people like to have many, and swell their lists by speaking of mere acquaintances, in fact, of every one they know, or ever have known, as "my friend." But did it never occur to you, who claim, in the above mentioned manner, a score of friends, that there is a great difference between acquaintanceship and friendship?

You are endeavoring to find comfort through the sultry dog-days at some country resort; and you sit in the parlor, of a morning, puzzling your brain over how you shall spend the day—where you shall go for a tramp; you glance up at the wall, to a suggestive engraving. It is a beautiful landscape; a solitary bit of wood, through which runs a cool, clear stream, whose ripples you can almost imagine you hear; but you may gaze upon it all the day and you will not be refreshed. Presently you arouse yourself to wander where, in reality, such a scene exists, and seat yourself upon the bank of such a stream, beneath the shade of

such trees, and quench your thirst and bathe your brow, with the cool, rippling waters—with what result? Why, the memory of that morning in the woodland, and of the cool depths and delicious freshness of the little mountain stream, will remain with you through life, while its pictured counterpart may never recur to your mind again. You derived substantial, comforting joy from the actual scene; it gave you what you longed for—hours of refreshing, inspiring pleasure; the engraving—an acquaintance—at its best but an unsatisfactory representation, and substitute for a friend—pleased your eyes, only, and was soon forgotten.

There are many men and women, to-day, utterly destitute of friends because in early life they sought many, rather than a few worthy ones, well chosen. It is in youth that we choose most of our friends; and if in old age they are dead to us, it is because we did not choose wisely.

Many young ladies select their male friends from among those of their associates who spend their money freely, dress nicely, talk loudly, and try to make a splurge in life; men who waltz lovely, but cannot say ten words of sense in a whole evening's conversation. And young men too often choose for their female friends the beautiful, giddy, fickle, thoughtless, fashionable girls, who can dance all night, as well as talk all night—and not say anything; while the thoughtful, industrious, earnest men and the plain, noble, intellectual girls, are passed by. And yet these latter are the characters who can form such friendship as would bless and brighten any life.

Though beauty is not an obstacle to friendship, it should never be a sole cause for it. "Tis the stainless soul within, that out shines the purest skin." Some of the best, the most brilliant, the most famous men who have ever lived have been by no means handsome men; and not a few of earth's noblest women—women who have made the greatest life-sacrifices, have performed the grandest deeds, and have done the most good in the world, are those who have been unattractive, and homely, almost to ugliness.

I know some people—and probably you can some such—who lack friends, not because they are unable to make them, but because they do not know how to use them. They go upon the theory that "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." That is very true if you are not "in need" all the time!

The strongest staff will break if you lean too heavily or constantly upon it. A gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, moved to a country village, where he was a comparative stranger. After a little time an apparently strong friend sprang up between him and a neighbor, who owned a horse and carriage, and a sailboat. They were remarkably intimate. The new-comer used his new friend's horse and carriage freely, went sailing and fishing with him, took dinner repeatedly at his house, and could not praise him enough to all mutual associates.

After a year and a half my acquaintance returned to the city, and to-day sees and thinks more of the man who was so kind to him than that if he had never met; while I leave it to my readers' vivid imaginations to conclude in what estimate the country gentleman must hold the person who was so soon forgotten of all the favors he had received. If, upon returning to the city, the gentleman had reciprocated the kindnesses received from his country friend, each would still have valued and cherished the other; but being situated where he did not need, or could not use him, he laid him away like an old garment, and has doubtless found some one else upon whose friendship he is presuming. There is about as much sincerity in such friendship as there is religion in the lives of those men who use the church as a means of advancement in business or politics.

Never value friends for what they possess, but for what they are. Beauty, wealth, social position, are unreliable possessions. To-day we have them, and to-morrow they may be gone. But self-respect, amiability, affection, and sincerity—a true, noble character—are abiding, and those who possess these will never lack friends.

### SUPPOSING.

Lets us have a game of "supposing." Never heard of such a thing? Well, that is somewhat singular. I don't know as it is, though, considering I've just invented it. How is it played? I don't exactly know, myself. The fact is I am going to "make it up as I go along" —in the same way fond parents do with stories they tell to amuse the little ones.

Supposing you went to call on some one, and that individual should depart and leave you to take care of yourself during your call, do you suppose that person possessed good manners, and do you suppose you would ever be forgiven if you felt mad and flared up and thought that you were treated in a very uncivil manner? And what do you suppose it is best to do with such individuals?

Supposing, while you were reading by the table, some one should remove the lamp with never an excuse or "by your leave," and leave you in total darkness—do you suppose ten cents would be quite wasted if you were to purchase a copy of BEADLE'S DIME ETIQUETTE and send it to the offending party?

Do you suppose a person has an easier conscience because he shirks his work when his pay is small and hurries through it as if it were of no consequence, and do you suppose that any person ought to grind another down to "starvation prices" when that other's work is well worth what he asks for it and his employer is well able to pay? supposing either of these cases was yours, what would you do about it?

Supposing you had but a few dollars to-day and desired a ride, of a few miles, in a vehicle, and you paid what was merely just and no more than the accommodation was worth; supposing that, to-morrow, your store of money should increase tenfold and you desired to go the same distance, in the same conveyance, do you suppose the owner would have the moral right to charge three times the price because you happened to possess a little more of the "needful," and do you suppose, because one has money, he must be cupped, and bled, and leech'd of all he has, or else be called stingy because he does not give his entire wealth away to every one who asks for it?

Do you suppose it would be right, if your profession were authorship, when you had called on you to refrain from entertaining them and kept on with your writing? But, suppose you did give up your time, wouldn't you think it somewhat singular if the remark reached your ears that you were not very industrious, just because you were not so impolite as to write when you had company? And do you suppose it is right for some people who have nothing to do to occupy the precious moments and hours of those that have?

Supposing people were not so fickle in their friendship, less prone to change old friends for new, don't you think there would be more sin-

cer and lasting affection in this world? Oh, there are some people so fond of a new face that they cannot do too much for its owner, and who believe they "never did, never will, or can, see another they admired so much. They never could tire of this new-found friend; not they! But, they do tire of him or her, and their love grows cold quite as suddenly as it grew warm. Supposing the love hadn't been of so "gushing" a nature, in the first place, don't you believe it would have been more lasting?

Supposing a man is unfortunate in business; is that any reason why he should fly to drink? Does the liquor make him any better or his prospects any brighter? Do you suppose he can make good his losses by using stimulants? Suppose he does bury his feelings, doesn't he bury his manhood at the same time? Fly to drink, indeed! he had better fly to work, strivng to win back what he has lost, and not waste the little he has left.

Supposing you and I are planning to go on a pleasure excursion, and the rain pours down in such abundance as to mar our anticipated pleasure, shouldn't we complain of the weather? We might do so although we shouldn't, for were we to put to ourselves the solemn question: "Who makes the weather?" I think the "still small voice" that gives the answer would tell us of our wrong-doing.

Supposing a boy is saying at my elbow—"Come, Eve, throw away your paper and wipe your pen, and prate not of things thou dost not understand, but come and take a ride;" do you suppose you'd be very much offended if I concluded my "supposings" thus abruptly?

EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### A Heavy Tax List.

The assessor has sent me a tax duplicate to fill out.

I am against all taxes. I think we would all be better off without them, even if our country would not be. I am against taxation without representation, since I represent but little, and am in favor of representation without taxation.

It is the stamp-tax renewed, as the tax makes everybody stamp, whether they have got the stamps or not.

I have frequently tried to dodge the assessor, but he has always happened to assess the dodger.

I wish this United States Government could get along without having to call on me every year regularly to help it out of debt. I am getting tired of it. It has always been a great drain on my wealth.

This is the last duplicate I shall ever make out, and I warn the United States not to trespass on my premises again in the form of a one-eyed collector. Here is my inventory:

CROPS AND OTHER STATISTICS:

AMOUNT OF LAND OWNED—one mud-puddle, two swamps and a frog-pond in Blenkins.

RYE—one small bottle for medicinal use only.

CORN—three of them.

POTATOES—one half-peck in a basket in cellar, very small.

TABACCO—five cents' worth in small box.

BUTTER—pound and a half a little past the prime of its life.

BEES—none, but have had plenty of hives lately, owing to the hot weather.

HONEY—1/37 pounds of it; that is just what I weigh, and that is what my wife calls me—when there is a new dress on the horizon.

HORSES—one clothes-horse, crippled; one rocking-horse, spanned, and one saw-horse, not much used; would like to see it broken.

BONDS—matrimonial bonds exceedingly secure, ten-thirties, two-forties and rising like all sixty.

MISCELLANEOUS:

MONEY—one strong box filled to depletion; one other box iron-bound, stuffed empty; one pocket-book, bulged—in; one stone vault full of old tin cans; one shed full of rhinos of pork, etc.; one vest pocket containing two pants buttons (41/2 grain fine) and small change to the amount of three shirt-buttons—besides one copper hole with a cent in it, legal tender to the amount of ten dollars, and one lead nickel available with the washwoman who can't detect a missing button.

NOTES BEARING INTEREST—numerous, and able to bear it for a long period. My notes are so valuable that people keep them steadily. Those notes are good for their cheek, I mean, for their face. Those four thousand and twenty notes represent \$26,000 worth of wealth I have seen.

INCOME—almost as large as the outcome, and both are increasing in proportion. My income amounts positively to the sum of blank dollars, and I am willing to swear it, loud.

VALUE OF ALL CREDITS AFTER DEDUCTING DEBTS—this question should be value of all debts after deducting the credits; there would be some figures for showing, then.

PLEASURE VEHICLES—one wheel-barrow, single-wheeled, but a nobby turn-out; you ought to see me handle it on the road; one hand-cart, very handy. Amount a subject of investigation.

GOLD PLATE—one, with set of teeth aboard, used at every meal.

CHINA WARE—one broken set and one tea box.

SILVER WATCHES—one, valued at twenty dollars a year by the silversmith, and he is the one who should pay the tax on it.

PIANOFORTES—not one, and it is worth five hundred dollars a year. Pianos are not my forte; when I want any amount of unbottled confusion I can easily go down to the boiler factory and crawl into a boiler while fourteen workmen play on the outside with hammers.

PAINTINGS—one table with plates painted on it, valued at five hundred dollars a year, as they never get knocked off and broken, and they do not require washing three times a day.

VALUE OF LOTS—one lot of children valued at \$25,000 a foot, or a head; one mortal lot, worth beyond the reach of figures. But don't tax that.

HOUSES—one cottage by the sea; one castle in Spain; one bust of Palace; all exempt.

VALUE OF ALL GOODS ON HAND APRIL FIRST—pair of buck-skin gloves, once valued at one dollar.

DEPOSITS IN BANK SUBJECT TO DRAFT—none; had some but they were subject to too much draught and blew away—as did the bank. I saw my hard earnings go with many yearnings, but the honest president compromised with his creditors at .05 cents on the dollar and promised a similar payment in six months.

BOATS—several ships at sea this season; a large interest in several barks at night; both exempt.

PIANOFORTES—not one, and it is worth five hundred dollars a year. Pianos are not my forte; when I want any amount of unbottled confusion I can easily go down to the boiler factory and crawl into a boiler while fourteen workmen play on the outside with hammers.

SAWMILLS—\$2.50 invested in one sawmill, consisting of wood saw and buck; very small horse-power.

SAW MILLS—keyhole factory; make portable keyholes for convenience in carrying at night when you go home; very valuable, beyond estimate.

MANUFACTURES—keyhole factory; make portable keyholes for convenience in carrying at night when you go home; very valuable, beyond estimate.

Accepted: "Allotting the Prizes;" "At Eventide;" "Master of His Own;" "The Jew's Sacrifice;" "Patient Eyes;" "Old Aunt Race;" "Keep the True;" "A Breeze in the Cupola;" "Nothing to Say;" "Light of My Eye;" "A Kiss too Much;" Rejected: "Join the Traitor;" "Let Us Be Happy Now;" "The Wood Nymph's Plant;" "My Cosy Friend the Rhymers;" "Sir E. Shaw's Slave;" "Open for Proposals;" "Life is What We Make It;" "Another and Again;" "That Saucy Boy;" "Recompense for Loss."

STAB THE SHADOW. The characters you name probably will appear again in romances, seeing that they are not yet actually killed off by their authors.

M

**THE WAY OF ALL.**

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

A rustle of sheer satin,  
A glimmer of jewels rare,  
A shade of roseate light,  
And a breath of lilles fair.  
A bride at the altar standing;  
A priest to act his part;  
And the golden fetters are fastened.  
That only Death can part.

The bride is wondrous lovely;  
Men worship her eyes of blue,  
Maids envy the flash of diamonds,  
But they don't know what they know.  
The lilles have 'neath their rare old lace  
Is throbbing with bitter regret,  
And the golden head with jewels  
Is trying so hard to forget.

The idyl of one sweet summer  
She forgot he was poor. And—well,  
Those aches at home of her heartsthorne  
Might a tale of a slighted love tell.  
She loved him perfectly, remember,  
The love is a poor worthless thing,  
And can be summed as real  
Without at least one diamond ring.

So she crushed the regret and the heartache,  
Laid the past and its treasures aside  
To think of her silks and her jewels  
And her wealth as the great banker's bride—  
To dream of the trip o'er the waters—  
And the winter to spend in old Rome—  
A season at beautiful Paris—  
And wonderful fêtes when "at home!"

It matters not that the banker  
Is a miser, and withal is old;  
He can put to them few little feelings  
With his three million dollars in gold.  
And give her in lieu of caresses  
A palace on Fifth avenue—  
A dear little villa at Long Branch—  
And a place in the country, too.

The wedding was certainly brilliant,  
But conscience was there with its sting,  
And the opera music just exploded—  
Not because that it was hard to sing,  
And the flowers rare costly exotic!  
May they prove half as dear to her sight  
As that poor faded bunch of meek daisies  
She burned his letters, last night!

Ah, well! What's the use of lamenting?  
It's the way of the world, you know;  
And more hearts than one are in mourning  
When the form wears the garments of snow.  
And the world is full of sin and covet  
May cover a sea of despair,  
And out from the measure of sorrow  
Each mortal receives his full share.

**Typical Women.**

**JOANNA OF NAPLES.**

"One of the most celebrated, most accomplished and most unfortunate of women and of queens."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

If in Mary, Queen of Scots, we have a striking illustration of the crimes and miseries wrought by royal "successions" in the most tragic and melancholy fate of Joanna, the beautiful and gentle Queen of Naples, we see these crimes and miseries in a light so shocking as to make us utter a fervent "Thank God!" that the day has passed when such a life-story is possible.

True, we yet have the old intrigues and conspiracies of thrones and heirs of thrones; witness the unhappy story of Spain—a fair country literally cursed by dynastic revolutions; but, the tragedy and animosity possible under the civilization of medieval times, and the age of "revival" (A. D. 1200-1700) are no longer possible. The march of intelligence among the people has made the whole system of royal government more humane, and too dependent on collateral branches of government to permit kings, queens and princes to startle history with new records of sanguinary story. Again, thank God!

Speaking of Joanna's troubled career, her admirable character and her tragic death, a historian remarks that "history affords nothing more powerfully dramatic than the life of this queen. In fact, what splendid materials for tragedy and romance—for a Shakespeare and a Scott—in the character, passions, incidents and wild vicissitudes of her reign!" So true is it that tragedy finds in royal history its most awful and impressive subjects.

Joanna, same of gentle and generous stock. Her grandfather was Robert of Naples, called by the poet Petrarch, "the good King Robert." He was the patron of literature, art and learning, and by his patronage did much toward that revival which put the "Dark Ages" away forever. He was the contemporary of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio—names still worshipped in literature; and under his beneficent sway Naples added to the splendor of her kingdom—then one of the most renowned in Europe.

His son, Charles, was like the father—a very admirable, high-minded and intelligent man, but he died in early manhood, leaving two infant daughters to inherit the throne when Robert should pass away. The grandfather, bitterly bowed down by the loss of his beloved son, transferred his love to the babes, and when Joanna was four years old (A. D. 1331) formally proclaimed her the heiress of the crowns of Naples and Provence, causing all his nobles to take the oath of allegiance to her. The crown of Hungary also belonged to the family, by the marriage of Robert's father, Charles the Second, to Maria of Hungary, but Robert being the second son (the celebrated Charles Martel being the first) was given the kingdoms of Naples, and Provence in France, for his inheritance, while Charles Martel retained Hungary. Out of this division came much of the misery that afflicted the beautiful Joanna.

For Robert, thinking to end the animosities and jealousies of the two thrones, married Joanna to Andreas, the second son of Canrobert King of Hungary. Andreas was then but seven years of age and Joanna but five, yet the marriage was celebrated in Naples with great pomp. The children were brought up together in Naples. Joanna was a gentle, loving creature, and so bright of intellect that at twelve she is represented as having been more proficient in learning and culture than most women of the time. Andreas, on the contrary, was coarse, weak-minded and indolent. His preceptor was a friar named Roberto—a person of barbarous instincts and detestable ambition. To make his pupil hate the Catanesse (people of Catania or Southern Italy) he directed his chief efforts at instruction, and the young Hungarian grew up unrefined, weak and ignorant, unfit for any but such associates as Fra Roberto had him surrounded—Hungarian youths, whose habits, prejudices and passions were at war with good morals and good culture. Too late King Robert saw the alarming discrepancy of character between the children, and had only sad forebodings for Joanna's future.

At fifteen the princess was regarded as one of the most beautiful, accomplished and lovable women in Europe; at seventeen Andreas was everything that was distasteful to a refined person—coarse, uncouth, slothful, and weak of intellect; and, so gentle, obedient and trustful was Joanna that she made no objection to consummating the royal contract of marriage and assumed the relation of wife to the pupil of Fra Roberto, on her fifteenth birthday—a literal wedding of beauty and the beast.

King Robert died in 1343, and Joanna became Queen of Naples, Provence and Piedmont—three of the most fair and most enlightened countries in the world; but, being a minor, Robert had named in his will a council of regency to manage the three kingdoms' affairs during Joanna's minority. This was purposely done to shut out Andreas the imbecile from any exercise of authority in the state; but no sooner was the good king dead than the detestable friar Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign

power, and ere a year had passed the young king and queen were literally his subjects and he the sovereign. The Court of Naples, from being the most elegant and refined in Europe, under his sway became alike a terror and a disgust to the Catanesse. Offices were filled with Hungarian boors, reckless adventurers, ready to extort and willfully, to advance his vile schemes; he studiously widened the breach between the two nations.

A picture of this man, by Petrarch, gives us the poet's conception of the then "regent" of the throne of Robert: "A horrible animal, with a bald head and bare feet, short in stature, swollen in person, with worn-out rags torn studiously to show the naked skin. He despises not only the supplications of the citizens but from the vantage-ground of his feigned sanctity treats with scorn the embassy of the Pope."

Impaired in health, Joanna retired to the Celeste monastery at Avezza, fifteen miles from Naples, in August, 1345. Her husband accompanied her. She was *enceinte*, and he seems to have had for her a certain affection that led him to remain with her; while she, it is evident, gave to him all the wifely devotion that it was in her gentle nature to bestow. She was measurably happy in that quiet retreat, but on the night of September 18th, a horrible murder was committed by persons unknown, and the victim was her husband, Andreas, who was strangled and his body pitched over a balcony to the ground far below.

Of this crime she was accused, but not a particle of proof ever established any complicity in the act, or even knowledge on her part of any design against his life. It is supposed to have been committed by some Catanesi ready for any act to rid their country of the defeated Hungarians. And they seemed to have guessed correctly as to the effect, for, when the murderer became known in Naples the foreigners fled precipitately, and Joanna returned at once to the capital to take the government in her own hands. She was fearfully shocked by the assassination, and that her grief was real was evident when, two months later, she appointed a council, and named a special commissioner, Hugh del Balzo, to hunt out and execute the murderers of her husband without respect to persons.

This authority wrought a signal calamity, for, armed with it, Del Balzo invaded her own house and tore from her very arms her foster-mother, Phillipa, and others of her companions, who were all executed with most horrible tortures. Their real crime was that of being "papists"! Their haughty Countess nobility had written on their proportion to power in Robert's family, with astonishment and anger, and to cover up the real criminals (who were unquestionably some of these very nobles) the Countess Phillipa, Phillipa's son, her young and beautiful grand-daughter and this granddaughter's husband—all probably as innocent as Joanna herself of any knowledge of the act.

This wretched business did not prevent a new series of calamities to the now miserable Joanna, who was Louis of Hungary, elder brother of Andreas, came forward with an army, nominally to avenge his brother's death but really to possess the throne. He marched to Avezza, where he had the Duke of Durazzo (who had wed Maria, Joanna's sister) assassinated on the spot of Andreas's murder, and the body was pitched over the balcony and denied burial; then Louis marched into Naples to find that Joanna, with a large retinue, had fled by a fleet of galleys to her province of Provence (in France), where she was welcomed with great and generous enthusiasm.

In Naples all now was violence and blood. The fierce Croats, Magyars, Slavs, and their wives—the whole stock of Syria—a fair country literally cursed by dynastic revolutions; but, the tragedy and animosity possible under the civilization of medieval times, and the age of "revival" (A. D. 1200-1700) are no longer possible. The march of intelligence among the people has made the whole system of royal government more humane, and too dependent on collateral branches of government to permit kings, queens and princes to startle history with new records of sanguinary story. Again, thank God!

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object to an earl's son! Henry thought of his home at Roselme, his palace in Mayfair, his place at court, and almost laughed, yet he was too unhappy about the matter to enjoy its ludicrous side.

"I shall not run away for a braggart might assassinate me," was the rather lofty retort. "As to her father, if I were certain that Miss Bryant was legally free from the scoundrel who claims her as his wife, I should be quite willing to defy him. It is the matter of the pretended marriage that troubles me, Mr. Bryce."

"Now, just you marry the girl an' yer all right. That little black-eyed critter is the real wife, no mistake. You don't run no risk than my friend. An' you won't be makin' such a bad match, nuther, if ye got a title tacked on to the tail of yer name. Most folks like money. Money covers a multitude o' sins. Money's good to have, even for an earl's son." They told Ben Bryant's got silver enough to buy a ten-acre house outen the wild briars, an' enough left over to rail in a pararie, an' gold enough for trinkets. He's the owner of a *bona fide* bonnies; he is; an' a little of that *silver* would go good to enrich the worn-out sile o' yer paternal estates. Put that in yer daddy's pipe, an' smoke it! To say nothin' of the *beauty* of that ar' partikular girl! I'm proud of her as a *specter*, man! Yer needn't tell me that's any such ladies where you come from. Queen Victoria's daughters don't hold a candle to Miss Mercedes!"

The young nobleman was unused to hearing such familiar talk from an inferior; hardly knowing whether to resent it or take it good-naturedly, he kept silent.

"Bill Alexander's vocally growing thin" went on Sam, unashamed. "He's fretting hisself to the shoulder. I tolle him yesterday he'd do to be broad with him, he was gittin' so sharp. Fur my part, I'm sure that little black-eyed witch, Keety, is good enough fur him. That gal will do some mischief, yit, sure's my name's Sam Bryce! It's in her! I'd ruther fool with a three-year-old colt than a woman with them eyes! You can git out o' the way of a colt's heels, but you can guard ag'in a jealous girl what you've made false promises to. Them's my sentiments."

"Perhaps you are right," Lord Henry felt he must make some answer—"but she seems a gentle, kind creature."

"Of course, of course! Them kind is gentle, an' good, an' sort-o'-decent! But don't enough for you, an' that's—*as long as you treat 'em right*—an' let to 'em, an' deceive 'em, an' see how the fire will flash! I tell you, sir, it strikes me that Keety's brodin' an' brodin'; an' somethin' will come of it!"

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for all your kindness, Mr. Bryce; and I'll bid you good-night, now."

"Good-night, sir; an' if that's news, I'll contribute to let you know."

"Thank you. I've made up my mind to leave here day-after-tomorrow."

Sam Bryce opened his mouth very wide; then shut it again without saying anything.

"An' leave her behind, you pale-livered English cuss!" was what he wanted to exclaim.

Lord Henry was passing the little house where he had spent the very happiest hours of a happy life, full of serious thought, pondering what he should do. The most important decision of his life had to be made. He could not remain on and on indefinitely, in that humble home, as he would have liked. He owed it to his father to explain where he was. He owed it to Mercedes either to avow himself, or quit her society at once and forever. He knew that she loved him and that he madly worshipped her. Yet, what could he do?

What he wanted to do was this: to see Mercedes safely back in her father's home in New York. Once again under her aunt's protection, they could afford to wait a few months and be married in proper and dignified way when they were married. Meantime, this Alexander must be silenced. "Cesar's wife must be above suspicion!" Lord Henry revolted at the thought of his wife being the subject of gossip.

He had been informed by Bryce that Alexander had hired men to watch the departing passengers of every train, not only from the city itself, but every station within fifty miles. So he knew that if he attempted to escort the young lady to any train, there would be an unpleasant scene.

He was so sad and lost in thought that Mercedes, feeling that the color of their separation drew nigh, grew very pale and was silent.

Silence is eloquent, too. Her heart throbbed painfully with the heavy consciousness that Lord Henry's love was no match for her own. Would she have hesitated? Would any cloud of sorrow or scandal about him have kept her away if he had called?

Suddenly turning his gaze upon her, he saw her little figure drawn up with its proudest expression, and that those beautiful eyes were fixed upon him with pity and reproach.

This made him see his own hesitation in its true light. He arose and went toward her, passionate words on his lips, when Marquita, blanched and wide-eyed, rushed into the room, whispering:

"Fly, fly! Hide somewhere, my dear mistress! Alexander is at the door, with three officers," and as she spoke a loud knock almost shook the little house.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 431.)

## Kismet.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

The full brass band in the pavilion in front of the Ocean Avenue House was playing Abt's exquisite serenade—"Sleep well, sweet angel." The breeze was blowing in gentle salt gusts from off the ocean; the first tender hints of a summer twilight were falling off land and sea, while low down in the opaline horizon, as if arising from its royal couch in the waves, a full golden moon was rising.

The hour, the place, the surroundings, impressed Mabel Gracién strongly, as she sat on the sands, entirely alone, remote from the throngs of more frivolous, less thoughtful people.

She had spread her gray blanket shawl on the beach, making a little carpet of it, and there she half sat, half reclined, leaning on one hand which supported her head—there she sat, fair, very fair to see, with her sweet, wistful eyes looking out on the waters as if searching for solution to the look of piteous questioning that had never left her eyes since a night, six months back, when Robert Holm had turned angrily away from her, refusing to listen to her explanations, coldly declining to believe heranguished protestations of love and loyalty.

She certainly had loved him well—so well that she never for a moment had ceased thinking of him since, thinking of him as she thought of him now, as she sat on the sand, looking out on the beat of the surf, the rhythm of the low tender, rhythmic "Sleep, sleep, sleep well!" harmonies that stirred her pulses and awoke such passionate yearning for the one only man she had ever loved, or whose kisses had been laid on her lips.

Mabel Gracién was one of those ardent receptive natures on whom the masterfulness and tenderness of such a character as Robert Holm's could scarcely fail of leaving abiding impressions; and added to her sweet impulse of temperament was the very essence of true womanly loyalty and worship—that loyalty whose motto is—"The King can do no wrong," and which makes the lover king over all.

It was little wonder then, that since the broach between her and her eyes, and the shadows had crept to her eyes, not to be dissipated, the piteous patient eyes that only a passion-hearted woman ever felt, had come to her sweet face; it was no wonder that they had written their sad story there, or that to-night the anguish in the eyes, the silent woe around the proud lips should be deeper, for the music and the witchery of the dusk and the solemn thunder of the ceaseless surf were stirring her to her

soul's center, and all of her was crying out in speechlessness of suffering.

Then she heard the footstep coming, and the soft rustle of a woman's skirt over the moist sands, and then, as a lady and gentleman passed her, Robert Holm's well-known voice addressed his companion—simple, common-place words enough, but they made Mabel Gracién fear, for a moment, that she would die of the shock, the startling surprise of pain.

"Take care, Elsie; the wash came nearly to your feet then."

Then a little feminine scream, a gathering of snowy, fluted ruffled skirt, a glimpse of dainty, French-slipped feet and pale, salmon silk hose, a little laugh from Robert Holm, and the two passed on beyond, away from her. Robert Holm's well-known voice addressed his companion—simple, common-place words enough, but they made Mabel Gracién fear, for a moment, that she would die of the shock, the startling surprise of pain.

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"Speak out, *amigo*—I owe you my life, and I'll do all I can, you may rest assured."

"Well, sir, you know that Captain Rafael came with us in the *carreta*?"

"Yes, and I've been thinking that it would be a good plan to entrap him. He kidnapped me, you know, and I nearly lost my life by it, so I will see that he is taken and he will be broken on the wheel, or garoted," and Paul Melville's eyes flashed with determined hatred.

"That is just it, senior. There is a big price offered for Rafael's head, dead or alive, and we might as well handle the gold, and I can arrange it easily."

"Then we will do it, Martin. Now to your plan."

"Well, senior, you say you are not going to leave here for a day or two?"

"Yes, I'll remain housed several days, resting, and then go on board the sloop-of-war to which I am ordered."

"Shall I go aboard, senior, to let them know you are here? I would like a chance to enlist, you know."

"You can easily do that. I will see to it; but I will not let my captain know I am here until I go on board. Now to your plan?"

"It is this, senior. I know the *pulperia* where the chief will put up, and I can go there to-morrow, find out his room, and lay my plans, so that to-morrow night we can go together, with several guards, and capture him."

"The very plan! You are a good plotter, and I will leave it in your hands."

The buccaneer said no more but rising, bade Paul Melville good-night, and sought his own room, which adjoined that of the young officer.

The following day he was up at an early hour, and was busy until late in the afternoon arranging some plan for the night, and at a late hour sought Paul Melville in his room.

"I am ready, senior: the guards await us at the *pulperia*, and Captain Rafael is there, wholly unsuspecting. By the time we arrive it will be midnight, so you had better get ready."

"I will be with you in a moment, my fine fellow. Now, here I am," and the two left the house together and sprung into a *volante* awaiting in front of the door.

After quite a long drive they got out in front of a rude tavern, or *pulperia*, in one of the lowest, dingiest streets in Havana, and were at once ushered into a door on the side by the *pulpero*, who met them.

Within the narrow, dark hallway, stood two men in uniform, and Martin introduced them as the guard.

"We have a Tartar to catch, my men; I hope you are well prepared," said Paul Melville.

"Si, senior; we are ready for any emergency," replied one of the men.

Going along a narrow, dingy hallway, the five men for the purpose accompanied them, leading the way, ascended several rickety stairways, and knocked at a low door.

"Come in!" replied a voice within.

"Enter first, senior," said Martin, and Paul Melville raised the latch and crossed the threshold.

It was a pleasant room inside, and neatly furnished, with bed, easy-chair and table, upon which a lamp burned brightly.

At the table sat a man who arose as the party entered.

"We would see El Capitan Rafael," said Paul Melville, failing to recognize a dark-bearded, large man who confronted him.

As quick as a flash of light the man pointed the muzzle of a pistol in the face of Paul Melville, while he hissed forth:

"Senior, you are my prisoner. If you resist I will shoot."

Paul Melville saw that the man was in earnest, and furthermore beheld the *pulpero* also holding a pistol at his head, while the two guards had Martin in durance vile, and with a bitter impression he said:

"I surrender: what is your intention with us?"

"Not to harm you, unless you attempt to escape; but to hold you prisoner until Rafael's *carreta* leaves the harbor. You see the buccaneer captain is merciful," replied the man whom they had found in the room.

"Yes, he is very merciful," and then turning to Martin he said in English:

"We're in a trap. I hope he tells the truth when he says he will release us when the *carreta* sails."

"I hope so, senior," said Martin in desponding tones.

"Here, no conversation between you. Remove that man to the other room, and place the gun at his door," sternly commanded the one who seemed to be the leader of the party.

"Come, sir," and Martin stepped from the room and Paul Melville was left alone, after the *pulpero* had told him he should be furnished with meals and all that he desired to pay for.

As the door closed the *pulpero* locked it securely and placed the key in his pocket, after which he ordered one of the guards to stand outside.

Then the other guard, the leader and *pulpero*, with Martin, went into another room near by, when the seaman no longer appeared to be a prisoner, as he turned to his companions and said:

"Senors, that was well executed, and I thank you. The *pulpero* will give you the gold agreed upon between us, and your duties as sentinels will only last a few days: *buenas noches*, comrades."

The guard and his companion at once left the room, leaving the *pulpero* alone with the seaman.

"Senior, you remember my instructions—to hold him prisoner until the American vessel-of-war sails?"

"Yes."

"Then to drive him, by night, outside the city walls and leave him?"

"Si, senior."

"Bueno! Now here is your gold—one hundred pesos for yourself, and fifty apiece for your three comrades; is this all right, senior?"

"Si, senior."

"Then I will bid you good-night. When you see Captain Rafael again tell him how one Martin saved his life."

"I will, senior. I owe el capitan much. He has been good to me, and I would serve him without the gold."

"No, you run a risk, and you deserve to be paid for it; but I advise you to disguise the front of your business if you can, and when you carry the lieutenant out, do so by another door, and do not forget to tell him you know nothing of me."

"I will, gracias, senior."

With a wave of his hand, Martin left the *pulpero*, muttering to himself:

"Well, I have saved the captain, and saved myself the blood of that traitor on my hands; besides, if we should meet again, he will believe that I had nothing to do with it, and I can trump up a good story of how I was carried off for several days to sea; and the best of it is, the money I paid out is what was given me to defray the expenses of the poor fisherman! Ha! ha! ha! Ed Martin, you are a deep schemer; but you must now become an honest man; so here goes for other quarters until I decide upon what my future course will be. Why I may yet return home with honor, and be sent to represent the people in Congress!" and with a chuckle, Edward Martin, ex-buccaneer, walked briskly along the deserted street, at peace with himself and the world in general.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

One of his ministers called Victor Emmanuel's attention to the fact that he was distributing decorations rather lavishly. "Ah," said the king, "there are two things that you must never refuse when solicited—bribes to women and crosses to men."

"When a girl gets mad and rises from a fallen knee," says an exchange, "but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what she calls a relapse." And here we have been working for dear life to keep off a relapse under the impression that it was some way related to chebra morbus.

## ROSEBUD; OR, CUSTER'S RIDE TO DEATH.

BY HARRY BURNS.

Did ever hear tell of the Rosebud fight, And Custer? Wal, stranger, I reckon you're right. Old Pandy Ellis—that's this old cuss—

War the very one ever got out of the muss. We drop down like a hawk on the way

Of some things that happened that day. But I reckon my lingo ain't none of the best,

So I do the 'ritin', and I'll do the rest.

Then we will do it, Martin. Now to your plan?

"Well, senior, you say you are not going to leave here for a day or two?"

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

"It is a lie!" almost shrieked the wretched man.

"It is the truth. Some days ago I met a man in these hills who attempted to take my life. I was quicker on the draw than he was, and I took his life.

"But he did not die at once; he had time to say how sorry he was for his misdeeds, and told me of himself—he was once a soldier in your company.

"He told me how you had once befriended him, and though he saw you kill your captain, he kept it a secret, as did also the other witness. This other witness told me was your wife—whom you had secretly married, believing she was an heiress, and who had married you for a reason.

"Now you see I know you, my gallant captain—an' you're a scoundrel, and I'll make you pay for it."

"I mean you're a scoundrel, and I'll make you pay for it."

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## VERSES AND REVERSES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Her tender voice how soft and low,  
Its music thrills my ear and soul—  
I worship as I hear.  
Her eyes from heaven's own blue were  
brought  
And in her beam on me,  
And when they smile, how they beguile—  
How sweet they are to see!  
Her face, so tranquil and so calm—  
Her hair, so dark, so rich, so fair—  
The tender hues of youth suffice,  
There is no sweater face,  
Her brow of noble womanhood  
Gleams as no other can—  
So smooth, so pure, so all desire,  
I tremble as I look at her.  
Her foot was only made to tread  
In soft paths, flower-strewn.  
Wander grace its step betrays,  
How light! it comes about—  
Her hand, so delicate, soft and fine,  
How thrilling to the touch!  
If I might some day call it mine!  
I love that hand so much.

Same poem, revised, after six months' possession.  
Her awful voice, how sharp and loud!  
It's rattle fills my ear;  
I tremble as I hear.  
Her eyes from heaven's own blue came not,  
They fiercely scowl on me!  
Away her smiles have wandered miles—  
Her face, so bitter and disturbed,  
Her temper's dwelling-place,  
The redeeding hues of scorn suffice—  
There is no sterner face.  
Her hand, so delicate, soft and fine,  
How fearful is its touch!  
I'm very sure that it is mine—  
For she gives it to me much.

## Tenting in the North Woods:

OR,

## The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

VI.

INVITED GUESTS.—LARRY PROMOTED.—"WILL YOU TAKE 'EM HOT?"

It would be stating it mildly to say that the guide was angry. He was more than angry; he was half-frantic, and the Indian was scarcely less so, although he was not by any means so demonstrative as the other. Yet you could see by the flash of his dark eyes that he meant business, and that it would go hard with Dave Thompson if he should come in his way.

"Perhaps it is just as well," suggested Arthur. "We came out here to hunt game, not murderers. And besides, don't you see that it is going to make us trouble if we bother with these fellows?"

"I see you don't know this yer gang, Mister," answered the guide. "I'd you think they meant to give us any rest? Why, there are the men who ar' wavin' out the guns in the Shadagee; the men that kill a dozen deer in a day fur the sake of their skins, an' leave the meat to rot in the sun in the middle of the summer; the skunks that net the lakes after trout, an' take them out'n the woods by the wagon-load; the men that rob traps an' ain't got vim enough in 'em to set one; and last, the men that meant to rob this yer camp if I hadn't lit onto the cuse by accident."

"Such men deserve punishment, I am well aware."

"Deserve it? Yes, an' they're gwinne to git their deserts or thar ain't no snakes in the Pennsylvania mountains. I'm a plain sort of critter an' I don't advertise to go out'n my depth, but you bet yer bottom dollar I'll go length to get even with Dave Thompson an' his gang; you hear me?"

"Well, Abe, old fellow, I only hope you may succeed; that is all I can say about the matter. As far as I am concerned, I'd like well to see justice done to that fellow; but, at present, I can't see what you can do about it. Let him run, and we will see about his business."

Abe shrugged his shoulders and made no reply, but he walked over to the lake and caught some trout for breakfast, for these stirring events had made the time pass rapidly, and morning was just breaking. By the time he had caught a mess of trout the Indian had built up a fire and Larry crawled out lazily to cook the breakfast, looking about him in considerable doubt as to whether the bill-fish, which was dry-ing in the sun, could be considered safe. All the tumult of the night before had failed to rouse him, and he listened quietly to the orders of his master to a sharp look-out and fire a gun as a signal and the others came near the tent. Then, after breakfast, the party took their guns and pushed out from the shore, the canoe dug out working very easily.

Larry had promised himself a feast in the way of a fish chowder for the noon-time meal. He took one of the lake trout, a beauty, weighing nearly twenty pounds, and dressed it neatly. He had plenty of pork, and added to the dish some venison which he had on hand, and laying the meat upon the top of a stump which had been sawed off smoothly, he chopped it fine with a couple of bowie-knives, putting in seasoning to suit his epicurean taste; and Larry was a good cook. It was about noon when before his chowder was fairly in process of cooking, and lighting his pipe, Larry sat down to watch it, while a man came strrolling up the lake in a care-free way, and walked into the opening before the tent. The Irishman took up a gun which was set just inside the tent and cooked it, and the man stopped and looked at him. Without paying any attention to him, Larry raised the gun to his shoulder and fired, and was instantly kicked over on his back, while the man advanced quickly.

"Don't do that ag'in, greeny," he said. "You'll not go call to fool with guns."

"Sure, I am, and that shows me business well!" demanded Larry. "I do be thinkin' an' I want to shoot off me gun I hev a right!"

"Don't do that ag'in!" persisted the man; "you might hit something, you know. Who keeps camp here?"

"Meself."

"Where are the others?"

"I dunno; they wint away mighty 'arly in the morning."

The new-comer, who was a rough-looking young man in greasy buck-skin, raised his fingers to his lips and whistled, and Larry rose slowly to his feet.

"Now, acusha," he said, "av I might give ye a bit av advice, wud yeees listen til me?"

"Oh, let up, greeny! I don't want to fool with you."

"There's room for yeess somewhere else, sur; go away wid yeess."

The man uttered a jeering laugh, but scarcely had it left his lips when he received a whack which made myriads of little stars dance before his eyes, and there was Larry prancing about before him, flourishing in the air a huge stick, which he made whistle through the air with the ease and grace which only an Irishman can give to the use of a stick.

"Oh, come up til me, me bucko!" he yelled. "Ye thafe uww the wurruld, I'm waitin' fur yeess. Whoop; hooro!"

Larry was a queer fellow. Nothing of an ordinary nature could trouble him in the least; it was only things which seemed to smack of the supernatural that he feared. As for going back a step before a single man, that was not in his nature, and as the intruder rushed upon him he received another blow which sent him back, with a dark line across his forehead where the stick had alighted.

He uttered a roar like that of an angry bull and dashed in again, bellowing like a bull-guard for his best. But the eagle Irish boy seemed to have wings on his feet. He danced here and there, flourishing his stick, and darting in now and then to deal a blow, until rendered frantic by the injuries which he received, the fellow sprang back and cocked his rifle. Larry paused at once.

"Why, ye spalpeen," he cried, "Is that the way ye fight; wid a gun?"

"I bore a hole plum through you if you don't drop that club."

"Look now, darlant!" answered Larry. "I'll trow down this bit av a stick an' lick yeess wid me bare hands av yeess to ground."

"Drop it, I say; I'm going to shoot if ye drop it."

Larry dropped the stick, for he was not above being persuaded. As he did so half a dozen men, with Dave Thompson prominent among them, came into the opening. They were all armed with rifles, and if ever a hard crowd was banded together this was that crowd. Two of them were half-breeds, with their Indian love of slaughter intensified by the vices of the white man. A third was a burly negro, as unfanned and wild as when his sires roamed through the jungles of Africa land, and the rest were shapely Indians. It did no wonder that Larry began to think that he had fallen into bad company and wanted to back out.

"Now, what's their half-hearted skunks that had me in a hittch?" growled Dave Thompson. "I want to see 'em!"

"Maybe yeess might see them too quick, alah—" retorted Larry, who seemed to improve in the presence of danger.

"This is their white nigger, Joe," announced Thompson, addressing the negro. "What do you think of that?"

"Mite him up; give him forty on de bare back," said the negro. "Want to know how de white folk like to tase' de hickory. Nigger git fog enough; neber see white man git de same."

"Don't be in a hurry," commanded Thompson. "All in good time, Joe, the feller is sassy enough to git like to tase' de hickory. Nigger git fog enough; neber see white man git de same."

"Now, what's their half-hearted skunks that had me in a hittch?" growled Dave Thompson. "I want to see 'em!"

"The Indians made one wild charge, and lost two of their number, then retired to prosecute the siege in a more cautious manner.

The state of affairs when a train of Government wagons, guarded by a company of regulars, came along and relieved him.

Steve once had a wife, or a woman who passed as such, and they lived in a little cabin down on the Niobrara river. Steve said she was the only person he had ever met whom he feared. She said she talked so much that it unnerved him; and that he did not like to shoot her, as she was so handy about cooking and house-keeping.

One evening she was in a worse humor than usual; and Steve, to keep her from wandering into the woods and out to his wild nature, climbed a tree. He had been in the tree but a short time when a hungry bear followed him. Steve climbed a little higher, and the bear climbed higher also; Steve climbed into the very top, where the bear could not reach him; and in this manner they passed the night. Just at daylight the bear climbed up as high as he could, and began shaking the limb on which Steve was perched. So vigorously did he shake it, that Steve could retain his hold no longer, and dropped with every prospect of being dashed to pieces on the ground; but fortunately he caught a firmer hold, and presently descended to the ground, and ran for home.

The bear, unwilling to lose his game, descended and gave chase; but Steve was lucky enough to reach the house in safety.

Steve, with his other peculiarities, was a somambulist, and would frequently leave his house and wander about the neighborhood for hours, unless he was found and wakened. This peculiarity led to his death, and that on the night in which I first saw him.

My friend was spinning a long yarn about Steve, and that person had just stepped up to the bar and "nominated his poison"—that is, called out the particular drink which he at that moment fancied—when a pale, slender boy about sixteen years of age walked in.

Larry saw how useless it was to contend with them, and he brought out the tin plates which formed part of the "kit" of the party, and dished up the savory compound. The party sat down, having first piled their guns near the doorway of the tent. Larry knew how to make a chowder, and the expressions of delight as the ruffians gorged themselves were without limit.

"See yer, you white nigger!" cried Joe. "I gib it up; youse ain't gwinne to git licked; youse go to go wid us an' cook fer de party."

"That's so!" answered Thompson. "We've been needin' a chap like him a good while. Gimme some more that stuff; what d'ye call it, say?"

"Chowder."

"Fish in it, ain't there?"

"Yes; fish, and pork, and deer meat."

They helped themselves again and again, and Larry urged food upon them, casting anxious looks across the lake from time to time. At last a bright look came into his face, and he turned to Thompson.

"I'll tell yeess phat I'll do," he said. "Have yeess to wait while I make some illegal bacon."

"How long 'll it take?"

"I dunno; half an hour, mayhap. I've some illegal maple molasses."

"Go ahead! I like you, my boy; you'll do for us."

Larry did not hurry himself, but in about the time set the griddle was over the fire, and the first batch of hot cakes had been passed around. The fellows had never enjoyed such fare, and ate as if they had been starving for a month. Dave Thompson, especially, seemed to enjoy himself.

"And I'll tell you what tickles me boys," he said. "To think that I'm a stinkin' hyar eatin' Abe Stanfield's grub, an' makin' his white nigger cook for us almost but's me a-laffin'. Yes, I don't keer if I do take another lot."

"D'yees like them?"

"Like em! I ain't no name fur it. I love 'em, I adore 'em, an' I ain't a-talkin' in my sleep, neither."

"Won't Abe be mad?"

"I reckon. I'm going to wait hyar till he comes, boys, an' when he do we'll make it mighty hot for him. More cakes, you skunk!"

"Would you like 'em hot?" said a quiet voice at the tent door. "Cause hyar we ar." ready to give 'em to you."

There was a universal yell of surprise and terror, for there, in the tent door, with their rifles leveled on the party, stood the four returned fishermen; and just at their feet lay the rifles of the seven villains.

They were fairly caught in their own snare.

Larry uttered a wild whoop of delight as he flung the hot griddle into Dave Thompson's lap.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

## Big Steve.

BY FRANK DAVES.

It was Saturday night, and the saloons and dance-houses of Deadwood were filled to overflowing. Here the big-bearded, red-shirted miners squandered in a few hours the proceeds of many days' toil with pick and spade. Whisky reigned supreme. Everybody was drunk, or rapidly becoming so; and to a novice, the scene was indeed alarming. Several times I instinctively placed my hand on the top of my head to see if my scalp was still there. Occasionally the fellows did not notice it, but there was very little that they did not notice it.

The Irishman took up a gun which was set just inside the tent and cooked it, and the man stopped and looked at him. Without paying any attention to him, Larry raised the gun to his shoulder and fired, and was instantly kicked over on his back, while the man advanced quickly.

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where the road ran between perpendicular cliffs, hundreds of feet high, and covered with low, scrubby bushes on every spot where a bush could possibly find soil enough to sustain it.

When they had reached the middle of this frightful place they were suddenly fired on, and two of the passengers instantly fell. The other passenger was a boy about ten years old. He was seated on top with Big Steve. Neither of them was hurt. Steve instantly lashed his horses into a dead run; and then handing the reins to the boy he drew his revolvers and prepared for the worst.

On they came with tremendous war-whoops, as fast as their ponies could fly. Steve received a shot in the breast and one in the shoulder; but still he held his fire, for he knew that every shot must tell, for there would be no time to reload.

Suddenly, three of the foremost savages rode abreast, apparently with the intention of shooting the leaders. The Indians raised his two trusts. Now, and in a moment three shots rang out in that lonely gorge, and the three daring red-skins fell to rise no more.

At this moment the boy was shot through the head, and the lines began slipping from the seat. Steve attempted to seize them with his left hand; but a shot dislodged that arm, and in a moment the lines were gone. Steve knew that if he did not recover the lines, the thoroughly frightened horses would upset the coach in a very short time. One thought, and he leaped from the seat to the tongue, seized the lines with his teeth, climbed back into the seat, and Steve pulled him with his remaining hand, placed him in his teeth, climbed back into the seat, and Steve pulled him with his remaining hand, placed him in his teeth, and the lines were gone.

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